V1.

AN ODE ON THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY King William III.

BODLEIANA PRIOR

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Virg. Eclog. 4.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the Judge's-Head in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1689.

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WEllcome thou ne're to be forgotten Day!
Europe's unhop'd-for Jubilee!
Hail happy Sun's auſpicious Ray!
Whoſe glad enlivening Light to ſee
In vain did our Forefathers pray;
In vain for Ends wiſe thô unknown,
Saints, on whom Tyrants Rage did fall,
Under the Altar with inceſſant moan,
Long did for thy coming call.
Bright Planet now above all others bleſt!
Inferiour only to that Star
Which once admiring in the Eaſt,
The Wiſe-men follow'd from afar.
Thou a *Redeemer* too doſt ſhow,
Thô of a Kind and Aim more low,

Yet by the World ſtill half accurſt,
Scarce leſs wanted than the Firſt;
Tell me if in thy needfull Round,
When from thy glorious height thou doſt deſcry
Earth's vaſt Extent, and Heaven's Bound,
When Nature's wondrous Work entire does lie
Expos'd to thy all-piercing Eye,
And thou with full view doſt behold
Her great diverſifying Mould;
Say, if among the framing Heroes there,
Thou canſt pick out one Piece ſo fair,
As may with this Day's Miracle compare.
In Goodneſs, Fortitude, and Wit,
For his own high Deſigns ſo fit.

With Wealth and Dignities already bleſt,
Of Glory ſeiz'd and Power Poſſeſt,
For *Liberty* and true *Religion*'s ſake,
He ſet 'em all again at ſtake;
For all with all undaunted threw,
And bid Fate play the Game anew.
For others Rights and common Good
Hazarding that high * Imperial Bloud,
To which, and to his Chriſtian Mind,
Europe but one Match could find.
O great Example future Times to teach!
Virtue no Poetry can reach!
Above all Metaphor You riſe,
Loſt to Reaſon's wondring Eyes;
Your bold ſteps tracing thrô untrodden Ways.
Our higheſt far unequal Praiſe.

* *His Majeſty's Anceſtours were Emperours of* Germany.

Beneath

Beneath your noble Actions lies
Subdued and creeping as your Enemies,
Envy of Heroes! Tyrants far-fear'd Controll!
Your Followers animating Soul!
With well-tim'd daring, ignorant of Defeat,
Giving and governing their Heat,
Diſtributing Spirit to every Part,
At once your Army's Head and Heart!
Warm in the Field, in Councel cold,
Unapt to ſtrike, but ſure the Blow;
With Heavens your Vengeance does reſemblance hold.
The vaſt weight makes the motion ſlow.
With long foreſight for accident you provide,
And thô the growth no Eye diſcloſe,
Thoſe Clouds, in which from Friends You hide,
Are forming Thunder for Your Foes.
Monarchy's Honour! Property's Support!
Our Faith's ſure Guard and laſt Reſort!
Who all known Hiſtory have out-done!
Of great Progenitours the much greater Son!
Form'd differing Minds to unite and pleaſe,
And ſet the haraſs'd World at Eaſe!
Diſpelling damps of dark deſpair,
And chaſing Melancholy Care,
Like a warm vernal Sun's all-chearing Ray,
Breaks out your long-deſir'd Sway.

Chaſte * *Una*, whom with ſtrong effort,
Power, in vain, ſtrove to debauch,
Already in your kind ſupport
Feels her relief approach.

* *Truth* [*ſo call'd by* Spencer] *perſecuted in* France.

In her chief †Fort's half-maſter'd ‖Wall
Meets your Arm ſtretch'd to ſtop the Fall.
That Truth, which once Time's prey, ſo long
Foul Roman Ruſt did round incloſe,
But to *new Life and Beauty from among
Her Ruines like a Phœnix roſe;
Late by her Lovers Lives diſgrac'd,
Then ſoon by force and fraud oppreſt,
Her Head all mangeld and defac'd,
Repoſing heals upon your pious Breaſt.
Stay of our Church's batter'd Frame!
Deſire and Pride of the true Chriſtian Name!
France's Dread! *Holland*'s Delight!
Britain's fair Dawn after a cloudy Night!
O ſecond Hope to that above!
Vertue deny'd to former days!
Which never can abuſe our Love!
Or be miſguided by our praiſe!
Clean mind whom no ill mingle taints!
Patron of perſecuted Senſe!
Temporal Bleſſing of the Saints!
And Martyrs earthly Recompence!
From a Muſe rapt in pleaſing Viſion
Receive an *Engliſh* Heart's Petition,
Or rather, ſince to whate're Fame
And *Naſſau*'s equitable Bloud
Could give our largeſt Hopes a Claim,
Your ſteady Conduct will make good,
In well-meant prayer vouchſafe to ſee
Of your wiſe Reign the Propheſie.

† *The Church of* England. ‖ *The Tax.*
* *The Reformation begun by* Luther.

To

To your great Mind's juſt dictates true,
And to your People paying every Debt
By Natures Laws or Compact due,
Like Faith and Piety beget;
No undermining of their Rights endure,
Then think and find your own ſecure.
No *Power-Projectors* call to Court,
Your Reign with jealous murmurs filling,
But ſo far able be to hurt,
As ſerves to ſhow that You're unwilling.
Conſcious of real Worth, diſdain
The empty Forms of Pageant pride;
Nor of your Life aſham'd, nor of your Reign,
Aim not from common View to hide;
Think not whate're falſe Care pretends,
It Regal Majeſty befits,
To yield the Prince for private Ends
A Priſoner to Paraſites.
No; to your much lov'd Perſon be
Eaſie the Acceſs and free,
With an unpartial publick care
To juſt Complaint, and neceſſary Prayer,
Open, like Heaven's, keep your Ear,
Nor ſcorn the poor Man's ſuit to hear.
For Subjects Eaſe and Guard alone
Kings high Prerogatives were given,
In kindly cheriſhing their Own,
Their true paternal Right to 'em is ſhown,
And with Immortal Powers made even;
But when Oppreſſion founds the Throne,
The repreſenting Image gone,
They're then the Wrath and Rods of Heaven.

Much promiſing Shoot of fair *Plantagenet!*
Whoſe opening Virtues blow ſo ſweet!
Fit limits ſet to uſefull Pride,
And be well-meant Ambitions Guide;
Sell not what Power can ne're re-ſeiſe,
A guiltleſs mind's Content and eaſe,
For pompous Vanity and Cheat.
Think 'tis a Godlike joy to pleaſe
And only Juſt Attempts are Great.
In every Councel's calm debate
Scorning little Arts of State,
To publick Int'reſt firm appear,
And nothing but Injuſtice fear.
In your Reign's ever gracious Courſe,
Nor uſe, nor need ſuſpected Force;
The Hearts of Subjects be your Guard,
And the effects of Virtue the reward;
Making their happineſs your Own,
Nor ill miſdoubting, becauſe doing None.
To gratefull Love your Perſon leave,
And all the Safety, which you give, receive.
Truſt in your People, all your Methods ſhow,
On them continual Favours flow,
Here no exceſs your Love can know.
By ſtill new Acts which better Pens ſhall trace
Of general Good and undeſir'd Grace,
Of Engliſh Kings reſtore that equal ſway
Which made it Int'reſt to obey
That warlike Temper, which their Neighbours aw'd;
And of their Victories abroad,
Revive the almoſt periſh'd Fame,
And into credit bring the *Bankrupt* Name.

FINIS.